

The Miller of Essex,

128. ¹⁵

A New SONG,

To the Tune of, *The Miller of Mansfield.*

HOW happy a State did the Miller possess,
Till he wish'd to be greater, which makes
him still less :

On his Interest he vainly depends for Support,
And he longs to be fervily cringing at Court.
And he longs to be, &c.

What though he all Dusty and Whiten'd *did* go,
He wou'd *now* be a Senator, Statesman, and Beau;
But the Dress of a Miller's more suitable far
Than awkwardly strutting in Garter and Star.
Than awkwardly, &c.

Though his Hands once so daub'd were not fit to
be seen,

He now on his Betters wou'd make them quite
clean :

A Palm more polite he is anxious to feel;
Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.
Gold in handling, &c.

What, if when a Vote at Election he wants,
He cribs without Scruple from other Men's haunts;
In this of right noble Example he brags,
As he always made Interest from other Men's Bags.
As he always, &c.

But as by his Labour he's help'd by the Great,
He now would be mimicking Fools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,
And all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.
And all his, &c.

Then eat when you're hungry, and drink when
you're dry,

And down when you're weary, contented pray
lye;

In the Morn rise up early to work and to sing;
If so happy a Miller, why wou'd you be King?
If so happy, &c.